

## Bring Me Back Around

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## Bring Me Back Around

by [starziee](#)

### Summary

On a Thursday morning, Karl's suspicions are confirmed: Sapnap is breaking up with him.

He realizes it as they're finishing up breakfast together, which consists of burnt toast, orange juice, and instant coffee.

"I'm going to be out tonight, babe," Sapnap mumbles through a mouthful of bread.

Karl's brow furrows a little; this is the third time this week. "Huh? Where to?"

"Dream's," Ah. Again.

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Or, Karl is suddenly convinced that Sapnap, his long-term boyfriend, is breaking up with him. The truth might be a little better than what he's expecting.

### Notes

hi this was for allie enderallies birthday (and for hitting 1k on twitter!)

allie's prompt won my little contest, so here's the fic based on it! the prompt has #spoilers, so I'm going to put it in the end notes. i had a lot of fun writing this, so thank u allie for the great prompt!

thank you to jil and grace for beta reading, i love u guys !

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

On a Thursday morning, Karl's suspicions are confirmed: Sapnap is breaking up with him.

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"I'm going to be out tonight, babe," Sapnap mumbles through a mouthful of bread.

Karl's brow furrows a little; this is the third time this week. "Huh? Where to?"

"Dream's," *Ah*. Again. "Just to get in some buddy time, you know. He's been stressed--"

"About the adoption thing, yeah. How's it going?"

He can't believe that Dream and George will (hopefully) have a little one soon. It's a dream of Karl's that he'd have one as well: a baby to rock back and forth, a toddler to teach the colors of the rainbow, a teenager to chastise and comfort. In the back of his brain, he knows that he'd really like to do all of that with Sapnap by his side.

Maybe that's just baby fever talking.

"Expensive, I think, and a fuckin' ton of paperwork, screening, and interviews. And Dream really wants it to go smoothly for George. He loves that stupid motherfucker more than anything," Sapnap explains, putting his dirtied plate in the sink, "So, I'm going to head over and just try to support him, help him relax, be a good brother, you know?"

He knows, not only because Sapnap is intrinsically supportive, but because he's dropped everything recently to support Dream.

Typically, it's not a problem. They're all friends and Karl would love to support the couple just as

much. But that's the thing: he hasn't been invited to come over as of late. It's been relative radio silence from their friends' household, save for George texting him a random video, gushing about how handsome his husband looks on a certain day, or sending pictures of Patches and Cat cuddled together.

But the isolation from their friend group and Sapnap being out late is worrying Karl, painting him an ugly shade of purple, fear and nervousness swirling in his gut.

As Karl scans his boyfriend over, his heart stings a little. Sapnap is broad and handsome, strong cheekbones and sturdy shoulders. He's drenched in warm tones and light freckles, honey seeping over his form in the early morning light. His hair has grown out a little, too busy to schedule a haircut, but Karl loves how it curls at the ends.

Misery floods Karl at the thought of losing him.

So he tries, "I get that. Should I come too? Maybe I can make them dinner... on second thought we could pick something up? More the merrier, right?"

"No!" Sapnap blurts out, "Uh, no. Dream said they're doing leftovers from the other night." He's fumbling over his words, running his hands through his chestnut locks. He's *nervous*.

And fuck, this is so much worse. Karl presses on.

"But if you're going, won't they need extras? You've got a big appetite on you, Sap," he replies, forcing a smile onto his face.

Sapnap wipes the crumbs off of the front of his button-down. "No, it's, uh, all good. Thanks for asking, though."

Silence follows the response; the only noise filling their apartment is the dripping of the sink and the sound of a neighbor watching the morning news coming through the thin walls.

Karl swallows before nervously confirming, "So... I shouldn't come then?"

The question hangs for a moment. Karl wants to crawl back under their covers, to return to an hour ago where they were satiated in the morning glow and wrapped in warmth and love.

“I don’t think so. Don’t want to overwhelm them with too many people. Not that you’re overwhelming! You’re perfect, obviously. I just... think it would be better if we didn’t crowd them?”

Karl’s stomach drops. *Don’t want to overwhelm them.*

But he’s not a bother. He won’t be a bother. So he replies, as steadily as he can, “Yeah, I totally get it. See you when you get home, babe.”

A brief pause passes, awkwardness soaking the air. Karl picks at his nails; Sapnap looks at the ground.

“You sure?” he asks quietly, trying his best not to sound small.

Sapnap smiles at him, but he’s holding *something* back. “Yeah, it’s all good.”

He checks his watch, the one Karl got him for Christmas last year. It had been a big investment at the time, back when money was *really* tight, but it was worth it when he got to see how his boyfriend’s face lit up as he unwrapped it on Christmas day. It still looks lovely on his wrist, heavy silver complementing his hands.

Karl wonders when Sapnap leaves him if he’ll still wear the watch.

Jesus.

“Shit, ‘m going to be late to the office,” his boyfriend says, hastily grabbing his beat-up leather briefcase, “I’ll see you in the morning, Karl, okay?”

Before the older man can process anything at all, like the fact that Sapnap called him *Karl* instead of babe or honey or babycakes, a rushed kiss is blown his way.

“Love you!” Sapnap calls out before the door slams behind him, leaving Karl alone in the empty kitchen.

And that was that.

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Karl’s reasoning for his impending break-up was three-fold: Sapnap not avoiding his company, implying that he’s overwhelming, and calling him *Karl* .

As mid-morning kicks in, Karl flops onto their flea-market couch. It groans softly under the sudden weight added to it. *Maybe in the new apartment, I’ll get a new couch*, Karl thinks bitterly.

He has work he needs to be doing, revisions for layouts and proofing of pages, but he opts to simply lay on their shitty couch, brain whirring with smokey negative emotion. It’s not like he has to go into the office anyways, and his work isn’t due until the next day.

Karl stays on the couch for so long his body gets stiff, sorting through all of his options.

*What if I break up with him first?*

The issue with this plan, although it would save him the humiliation of being dumped, is that he doesn’t *want* to break up with Sapnap. In fact, he wants something entirely different. Karl wants forever with that stupidly handsome and lovable man--so he’ll let him break his heart instead.

He’s snapped out of his misery when their tabby cat, Snickers, meows at him.

“Hi, pretty girl,” Karl says softly to her, leaning over to pick her up, putting her to rest on his stomach, “your other dad is going to leave me. What do we think about that, hm?”

Snickers doesn’t respond. She does scratch Karl’s worn t-shirt, which isn’t really Karl’s--it’s leftover from Sapnap’s club basketball team that he participated in during their college years.

When it reaches midday, he receives a text from his boyfriend.

**sapnap**

won't b home until super late. dont stay up and get ur rest!

Tears begin to pool in grey eyes, little puddles of sadness trailing down pale cheeks. He can't handle the idea of losing all of this: their little apartment, their cat, the love of his life.

So he calls his mom.

"Hi, hun! Oh, guess what? Your dad won that golf tournament, so we're headed to the banquet for that tonight," his mother rambles out, Southern sweetness ringing through, "I got a new dress from that little boutique, the one Jane likes, but it's a little shorter. I hope it's still appropriate."

"I'm sure it'll look great," Karl responds, and he can hear the disinterest in his own voice.

His mother does as well, asking, "K, what's going on with you? You love making fun of me for showing off my old lady legs."

"You don't have old lady legs, Momma."

She laughs lightly, "Well you certainly imply that I do! But seriously, what's wrong with my beautiful son?"

Karl takes a deep breath, preparing himself for the sting of embarrassment that will present itself at the announcement of another failed relationship. Especially one that he believed he had so *right*.

"It's Sapnap."

His mother pauses for a moment, her tone going completely soft and sugary sweet. "Oh, baby.

Proposing can be nerve-wracking, sweet boy, but really your father is the one to talk to about this. I never did it, you know?"

Karl's body sags at the implications, entirely exhausted already. "Mom, Jesus, I'm not proposing. He's going to break up with me, actually. So it's a little ironic for you to bring that up."

There's silence for a moment.

"Mom?" Karl checks, just to make sure she hasn't hung up by accident.

"Yeah, I'm here. Honey, are you... sure about that?"

"I'm pretty sure," he says with a sigh, "He's been out late and he doesn't invite me to come with him, even though we share the same friends."

"He's not inviting you to hang out with Dream and George?"

"Nope, and he goes over there after work all the time. And guess what? Tonight, he told me to not wait up for him."

Recounting this morning's events is making his nerves buzz with anxiety, a fuzzy and unwelcome sensation.

"Well, that boy would never cheat on you, K. If that's what you're thinking."

Jesus Christ. Maybe calling his mom was a bad idea.

"Wasn't thinking that, but now I am," Karl replies sarcastically, nauseated at the thought of Sapnap with anyone else, especially if it was behind his back, "So thank you for that one!"

His mother giggles. "Hush now. He would never, 'cause when he visited our home for Thanksgiving I saw how he looked at you with those big green eyes of his. That man adores you, Karl."

It's sentiments like these that make Karl ache. Because yes, typically, he feels absolutely adored by Sapnap. Worshipped and taken care of and *loved* .

Typically.

This past week, though, is a different story.

So he says shortly, "Doesn't feel like it."

"I'm sorry, angel," she hums, "It does sound like something's off, I'll admit. Especially because Dream and George are your best friends too." She pauses before excitedly continuing, "How's adoption going for them? That wedding was so sweet, my goodness, I'd just melt if your dad still looked at me the way Dream looks at George."

Karl can hear his dad reply, "I heard that, Cindy!" through the phone.

"Just a joke, babe! Love you to pieces," she yells back at him.

"Can we please talk about the impending collapse of my relationship and not your weird obsession with Dream?" Karl huffs out, becoming increasingly frustrated, "And adoption is going fine, I guess. It's expensive and they're stressed."

"Understandably so, I mean just having a baby was a task enough, I can't imagine--"

"Mom!" Karl introjects sharply, "My long-term boyfriend, who you just suggested I marry, is going to fucking leave me! Can we please talk about that?"

There's a brief pause and grimy guilt coats Karl for snapping at his mom. He's so tired, though. In the back of his mind, he wishes Sapnap was here to cuddle him, wrap him up, and kiss away his worries.

He's broken out of those thoughts by the voice on the phone.



“Oh goodness, baby. Yes, I’m sorry for getting a little carried away. I really think you should talk to him about it, okay? A little communication goes a long way.”

“But what if when I talk to him, he asks to end it?” Karl asks, voice laced with apprehension and worry.

“Then that will happen and life will go on,” she sighs, “But trust your mother, honey, I don’t think that’s the outcome you’ll get. That sweet little Texan boy worships the ground you walk on.”

Karl swallows, trying to push down instinctive contradictions to this statement. “God, I hope you’re right.”

“In the meantime,” his mom continues, “Why don’t you take off from work for the rest of the day? Get some ice cream, get Snickers, and curl up and watch a movie. Sap told me you’ve been exhausted from those commissions recently and I bet that’s not helping this whole thing.”

“He called you?” The question is soft and small, pink-tinted and wonder-filed.

“He checks up on me sometimes. I just love talking to him... such a smart man, so caring and all that,” she hums out.

And Karl aches, because Sapnap is all that and more. He’s everything, probably.

“Momma, please. Not the time,” he pleads with her.

“Okay, yeah, I hear you. Can you take off today?”

Karl glances at his phone’s clock. *1:04 pm* . He practically has already.

“Probably.”

“Okay, do that. I’ll get your dad to send you some extra money as a little gift for all your hard work and you can use that to get some ice cream,” she says.

“I have a job, I can buy my own--”

“You ask for my help,” she pushes through his words, “this is what you’re getting, K.”

He slouches back into the couch. Snickers walks back and forth over his lap, not caring for his obvious distress.

“Okay, yeah. I’ll do all that. Love you, mom. Thanks for helping me,” he replies shortly. This conversation should be over, like, yesterday.

She laughs warmly. “Baby, listen. I know you’re frustrated right now. With work, with Sapnap, with me. But please just give yourself some space and take some time. Everything will work out on its own.”

Everything will work out on its own. Sure.

But he’s a good son, so he replies sweetly, “I know, Momma. Thank you for talking me through it. I’ll call you soon, okay? Have fun at your banquet.”

“No problem, honey. Love hearing from you, no matter what it is! And I’ll send pictures from tonight, so you can see how cool me and your dad look.”

A tired smile finds its way to Karl’s face. “Alright mom, sounds good. Love you.”

“Love you too, babe. Take care!”

With that, the line goes dead. Karl closes his eyes, trying to decompress from the rollercoaster of the conversation he just experienced.

His phone dings shortly after, drawing him away from his short-lived rest. It’s a Venmo

notification for ten dollars, labeled with an ice cream emoji. It's sweet, really.

So he pulls himself off of their scratchy couch and drives to the store. Thirty-five minutes later, Karl is crawling into bed with a tub of Ben and Jerry's and putting on Love Island. The warmth of the comforter and the glow of shitty reality television is enough to turn his brain off for a couple of hours, as he dozes off to sleep.

Karl wakes up in the dark, alone. The clock on Sapnap's bedside table reads 8:04pm. Fuck. He's slept away the afternoon, feeling the sticky sweat of his nap clinging to him.

And nothing about the Sapnap situation has been fixed. He has a text from his boyfriend, though, bright light from his phone blinding him a little.

**sapnap**

love u baby. have a good nite lol :D

It's better than nothing, Karl guesses, but it doesn't make up for the fact that Sapnap isn't in bed with him. So, he doesn't respond and opts to order Chinese takeout and run a hot shower.

Karl is back in bed, clean with a full stomach, by ten o'clock. His brain spins through what Sapnap could be doing right now, pictures him laughing with Dream and George, face lit up by the slight buzz of pale beer. He's happy there, with his friends.

*Sapnap's* friends, now, not Karl's, he guesses.

Jesus.

Karl turns on his side, taking one of Sapnap's pillows into his arms. He hugs it tightly, trying to find the lingering scent of his boyfriend on the linen, a comforting cedar and cinnamon. It's not the same, obviously, but Karl can't think about all the ways that he *misses* Sapnap.

He forces himself to sleep, cold and alone.

---

He wakes up early, sunlight pouring through the slightly parted curtains. Sapanap isn't next to him, and he's still clutching the pillow like his life depends on it.

Additionally, he has about fifteen Gmail notifications.

*Fuck this Friday.*

He tumbles out of their bedroom, tugging on chinos and buttoning up a dress shirt over the graphic tee he slept in. It's not necessarily work appropriate, but hey, a job well done in a pajama shirt is still a job well done. His lengthy curls obstruct his vision as he rushes through his morning routine in the kitchen, shoving white bread in the toaster and cracking open an energy drink.

He's so wrapped up in getting out of the door and to the office, he nearly misses Sapanap's sleeping form splayed out on the couch. He's snoring softly, chest rising and falling rhythmically and mouth slightly ajar. His lips are petal pink and his auburn curls form a halo around his head.

Sapanap is *beautiful* .

But the problem with this sleeping angel is that he's on the couch. He never walked the fifteen feet to their bedroom, never wrapped his strong arms around Karl, never let him hold him in return.

*Shit. They really are going to break up.*

The toaster dings and Karl grabs his scorching toast, sticking it in his mouth as he grabs his keys. He tries to ignore the pit forming in his stomach as he passes his sleeping boyfriend to get to the door.

He successfully resists the urge to press a kiss on Sapanap's forehead, but the pride of not giving in to pampering affection gives way to an empty gray feeling.

As he unlocks his car, Karl wishes he had kissed his boyfriend. He misses him intensely, hates the way they're tiptoeing around each other, despises that they're sleeping in separate spaces when there hasn't been a fight (that Karl knows of) to begin with.

Work takes his mind off of things for a while.

He's behind after yesterday's depressing antics, so he spends his morning sorting through pages and marking corrections. The caffeine coursing through him is barely enough to keep him moving, but he's got to meet deadlines and draft proposals.

At lunch, Karl checks his phone.

**sapnap**

hope ur day is good mr. business man ! missed u this mornin

He stares wide-eyed at his phone. Confusion gives way to vibrant annoyance; who is Sapnap to miss *him* ? *Karl* has been missing his boyfriend for the past week. *Karl* spent all of yesterday alone.

*Karl* is the one who's going to get dumped.

So he doesn't respond to the text, shuts his phone off, and returns to eating leftover chicken.

His afternoon is flooded with meetings, higher-ups asking for visionary advice from their creative editor, the teams he manages asking for assistance completing simple tasks. Karl feels as if he's being pulled in a million different directions, stretched around the office like some corporate-nightmare Gumby toy.

There is something welcome about the busy atmosphere, ringing phones and the rustle of paperwork filling his mind just enough to take the edge off of *missed u this mornin*.

When Karl collapses into the front seat of his car that evening, he wonders if this is what running a marathon feels like. Now though, he's forced to climb the mountain that is returning home.

Returning to Sapnap.

Karl laughs to himself, wondering if his boyfriend will even be there.

The music in his car is cranked to the maximum volume, drowning out negative emotions the best it can. It's a beautiful night, Karl supposes; the sky is scattered with cotton candy pink clouds and scattered with evening stars. It would make a good night for stargazing.

The couple had stargazed together, Karl remembers, when they took an introductory astronomy course in college. It was just for their science requirement, so they took Sapnap's stash, Karl's purple rolling papers, and a lighter, and sat in a field until the early light. Mind hazy with smoke and soft affection, Karl had pressed a kiss to Sapnap's cheek as they walked back to their dorms.

It's one of Karl's favorite memories. Almost all of said memories involve Sapnap.

Now that he's reminiscing though, he can't stop. Visions of them drunk on champagne at Dream and George's wedding are flooding his mind. Sapnap held him as they slow danced, dipped him down despite the fact that Sapnap is shorter.

Karl remembers how Sapnap spoke as Dream's best man, all smiles and bright eyes and endearing rambles. He remembers that Dream's little cousins had come up to Sapnap, how he picked them up, tickled them, and played with them ("Hi little man! Of course, we can play tag. I like your suit, you look way better than me."). Remembers how they split their pieces of cake, eating a slice of Dream's simple vanilla almond and George's lush double chocolate flavor. Sapnap had kissed the excess frosting off of Karl's lips that night.

Mostly, Karl remembers the love packed into their ceremony, the reception, remembers how he had thought, *maybe we'll be next*.

It seems ridiculous now, Karl guesses.

He still wants it though, he realizes as he continues his drive.

Karl wants everything with Sapnap, but he's scared that his chance is about to be ripped away.

Suddenly, his phone rings.

“Karl!” George yells through the line.

“George!” Karl tries to muster up enthusiasm for his best friend, but he can’t help but be annoyed. “Haven’t heard from you in a while.”

“Oh, uhm... yes! Because we’ve been very busy. And stressed. With adoption.”

Karl’s brow furrows. George is a terrible, terrible liar sometimes.

“Okay, well, how have you--”

“Actually!” George interjects, “Can I ask where you are right now?”

*What the fuck?*

“Turning on to our street now. Why are you asking--”

“Tell him to take a lap around the block!” Karl hears Dream whisper in the background.

“Uhm, take a lap around the block!” George all but shouts. “Please.”

Karl shakes his head in disbelief, eyes blinking slowly in shock. The married couple is a lot of things, and unpredictable and endearingly annoying rank very high on that list.

“Can you tell me why I’m driving around the block, please?” he finally asks, sick of hearing them whisper in between themselves.

George hesitates. “Uh... no! But I can tell you to drive just a little bit slower, please and thank you.”

Cautiously, Karl slows his car down. “Does this have anything to do with Sapnap?”

“No! What?” Dream responds, now having taken over speaking privileges he presumes. “Why would you think that?”

“I don’t fucking know, you guys are being weird and you’ve seen him all this week. If this isn’t about him, could you tell me if he’s said anything about us recently? I thought we were doing well, but--”

Dream cuts him off. “What? I can’t hear you at *all* . The connection is really bad!”

George lets out a muffled, “What the fuck are you doing?” to Dream, who responds, “I’m doing my best, babe.”

“Can you guys just explain to me--”

Both of them in unison exclaim, “No!”

Karl huffs in annoyance, but honestly, he’s so grateful to hear their voices again that he forgives their shenanigans. He spends a couple of minutes listening to Dream ramble on about something or other, until he reaches his street again.

“Guys, I’m back. Can I go inside my stupid apartment now?”

There’s a beat, and then Dream replies, “Actually, yes. You can! Call us later, okay? Or maybe don’t. Well, we’ll talk to you--”

“Shut up, husband,” George cuts him off, “Karl, we’ll talk to you soon. Bye, dumbass!”

It takes Karl a moment after parallel parking to fully recover from that phone call. He’s nervous to



reenter the apartment, though. His anxiety prickles his skin and burns his face, leaving him pink and uncomfortable. The car feels suffocating now that the air conditioning is off, but he can't bring himself to move just yet.

*Everything will work out on its own.*

So Karl inhales and exhales until he feels steady, grabs his keys and messy files, and heads inside.

His hands shake as they unlock the door. There's no light sneaking under the crack, so he guesses that it's dark inside their living space. Maybe Sapnap isn't even home.

The door swings open, and the breath gets knocked out of Karl, just a little.

In the darkened space, candles are scattered all around, covering the rooms in melted gold. They're placed strategically, lighting up a pathway from the door to the kitchen with a soft glow. The air is filled with a naturally sweet scent; it swirls around Karl and pulls him in.

His eyes finally find their way to the kitchen.

Sapnap is standing there, in slacks and a crisp white button-down, rocking back and forth on his heels.

"Hi, baby. Welcome home," Sapnap says, quiet and almost reverent.

And Karl melts. Because his boyfriend is here, alone in their home, looking like an angel sent from the heavens.

He makes his way through the living room, following the candle pathway, wide gray eyes taking the atmosphere in.

"Did you do all of this?" Karl asks, voice barely above a whisper. In this moment, their shabby apartment feels like hallowed ground.

Sapnap smiles, eyes shining. “All for you, angel. Come take a seat?”

He pulls a chair out of their kitchen table and then makes his way to Karl, taking his files and keys from him and setting them on the counter.

Karl moves slowly, delicately, as if the moment could break. He sits in the chair, and feels Sapnap push it in, flushed against the table. A kiss is pressed onto the top of his head.

Sapnap sits down as well, smiling more confidently now. He gestures to the spread he’s presumably prepared: a steak dinner with rolls and asparagus. “Ready to eat, baby?”

Karl pauses, brain still catching up. While the setting is overwhelming and Sapnap looks like he’s walked right off of a film set, he’s having a hard time fathoming that this moment is real. Worried clouds Sapnap’s viridian eyes for a moment, but when Karl answers, “Yes, God, this looks amazing,” he relaxes again.

His boyfriend serves him proudly, showing off how tender he’s been able to cook the steak. Karl also gets poured a healthy glass of red wine, and Sapnap kisses his cheek. “Alright, the first bite is yours, babycakes.”

Karl stabs his steak with his fork, before looking up at Sapnap.

“I thought you were going to break up with me,” he finds himself saying bluntly.

Sapnap chokes a little on his wine, shock flooding his features. “You thought what?”

“I... I thought you were going to break up with me. You were out all of the time, and I never got invited. And then you slept on the couch, why on Earth would you do that? So I thought ‘He has to be breaking up with me.’ I even told my mom.”

His boyfriend’s eyes go wide, golden in the candlelight. “You told your *mother*?”

“Well? What was I supposed to do? I think that the love of my life has one foot out the door and I’m not supposed to be upset?”

There's a weighty pause.

Sapnap's voice comes quietly, lightly. "Karl, I've never had one foot out the door. I'm so, so sorry for making you feel that way, but I've been all in since the day we met."

Relief comes crashing down on Karl, cascading over his body, painting him a delicate blue. "That's... good to hear. Because you're the only guy I want around."

Suddenly, there's a warm hand on top of Karl's. It's a hearth, it's love, it's coming back home.

"Did you... did you really think I'd leave?"

A sigh escapes Karl. "I wasn't sure," he replied honestly, "but I sure as hell didn't want you to go."

Sapnap looks down for a moment, as if he's considering something. "Shit, George and Dream are going to be so pissed at me for this," he mumbles under his breath, standing up from the table sharply.

Karl looks at him in confusion, brow furrowing. "Sap, what are you--"

And then he sees Sapnap is down on one knee.

"Karl," he starts off shakily, "I have loved you for as long as I've known you."

"Baby..." Karl says breathlessly.

"And I'm not good with words. You are, though. You're good at so many things, so creative and kind and hardworking. You care so much for everything you do, for everyone around you," Sapnap continues, eyes watering.

"I got to learn that about you over the years. I'm grateful for every single moment we've shared

together, from sharing classes, to our first date, to you drunkenly asking me to be your boyfriend,” he laughs a little, “to whatever *this* is.” He gestures around them, to their apartment, to the life they’ve built together.

“And I am incredibly privileged to know you, to hold you, and to love you.”

Karl gently wipes away the tears glistening on Sapnap’s cheeks.

“And I promise you, Karl Jacobs, that if you choose to marry me... uh, fuck wasn’t supposed to say that bit yet,” Sapnap stumbles over his words, face flushed a rosy pink. This is the man Karl loves, the one who tries his best in everything he does, who’s bold until he blushes, who is asking him to *marry* him.

So it comes easily to Karl when he says, “You don’t have to continue,” words choked with emotion, “because my answer is yes. A million times, yes.”

He gets up from his chair and pulls Sapnap up from the ground. Karl’s lanky arms drape over Sapnap’s broad shoulders, drawing them together, faces inches apart. Gray meets green, wide eyes imploring. They trade breaths; the world soft and quiet between the two.

“You’re sure?” Sapnap whispers, words just for them.

Karl nods. “I want you for forever, Sap. Always have.”

Sapnap’s hand cups Karl’s face, thumb tracing his freckled cheekbone. “That’s a relief.”

“Did you think I’d say no?” He asks, teasing lightly, voice quiet.

The other man smiles bashfully, looking away for a brief moment. “Well, I wasn’t sure. I just thought--”

Karl shakes his head jokingly, and closes the distance in between them, cutting him off. Sapnap’s lips are of red wine, bitten and bold, taking Karl in and making him *his*. It’s slow and loving, the way they rediscover each other. Sapnap moves his hands to Karl’s waist, pulling him in closer. In

return, Karl twists his fingers into Sapnap's curls, nipping at his bottom lip.

Sapnap tilts his head to the side, letting Karl in, letting him swallow his small noises. Sapnap feels like a summer night, warm and exciting, smoke exhaled into a starry sky. He tastes of everything known and everything new, a coming home and a beginning, painted in strawberry shades of desire and adoration.

As their breathing quickly becomes unsteady, both pulling each other closer, grasping at anything and everything they can get their hands on, Karl presses a final kiss before finally pulling away, gazing into his lover's lidded eyes.

"I love you," he discloses tenderly, words delicate but sure.

Sapnap presses a kiss gingerly against his mouth in response. "I love you too, Karl Jacobs. Can't wait to see that ring on your pretty finger."

Karl flushes before cocking a smile. "Where is this ring you're talking about?"

Sapnap's eyes widen. "Oh shit."

He fumbles around in his front pocket, pulling out a small, velvet black box. He places it on his palm as if it's an offering.

"Do you want me to ask again?" Sapnap asks genuinely.

"No, you nimrod," Karl replies easily, lightly, "just put it on my finger and take me to bed."

Sapnap grins, opening the box to reveal a simple gold band. "It's not anything special, but I thought it'd look nice. Is it okay?"

Karl nods, overwhelmed by the sight of such a pretty ring. His *wedding* ring.

Sapnap takes it out of the box, and holds Karl's hand as he slides the ring on. It shines beautifully

in the candlelight, a promise of forever illuminated by an act of love.

“I love you,” Sapnap breathes out, looking down at the ring on his fiancé’s finger.

Karl smiles, pressing a kiss onto Sapnap’s forehead. “I know,” he replies honestly.

“Did you like the candles? I got you roses too, those white ones you like,” Sapnap pauses, voice coated in desire and smoke, “They’re in the bedroom, if you’d let me show you.”

With that, they’re stumbling back to the bedroom, clothing discarded along the way. They fall into bed, soft laughter giving way to sounds of pleasure. They trade bruising touches, painting plum and mulberry along each other’s bodies. Hands move frantically, accepting everything that’s given yet still pleading for more.

By the end they’re connected in more ways than one, in heart and body and soul; devotion in the form of gasps and moans and saccharine sweat.

Karl sees white, blanching heavens in his bedroom, and the next thing he knows, he’s wrapped in Sapnap’s arms, kisses peppered on his blooming marks.

They fall asleep shortly after, intertwined peacefully in the still of the night, hearts full of love.

---

The next day, Karl calls George like he promised he would.

“Guess what?” he asks over the phone, looking at Sapnap making their morning coffee.

“Did you say yes?” George asks, “did you like all of the candles? Those were Dream’s idea, by the way, but I came up with the plan to make them into a path. Because it would’ve been a disaster if you’d fallen. Imagine that.”

Karl smiles. “I said yes,” he replies, sparking Sapnap’s attention, “and the candles were very sweet. Just like the dinner, and the roses, and--”

“Fuck, I don’t want to hear all of that! We’d just spent so much time trying to come up with a plan that *your* fiancè liked, and I wanted to know if it worked,” George laughs out, dramatizing his disgust.

Sapnap pads over to him, handing Karl a cup of coffee. He wraps his arms around his waist, and rests his head on Karl’s shoulder, nuzzling into the crook of his neck.

“It definitely worked,” he responds, voice laced with obvious affection, “thank you both for helping this nimrod work it out.”

“Oh, we did more than just plan. That idiot was over every night, whining ‘oh I’m so nervous, what if he says no?’. I had to be his *emotional support*, Karl. You guys are definitely doing some free babysitting to make up for that.”

Sapnap grumbles at that, overhearing the conversation. “Wasn’t nervous, George is a liar.”

“I heard that, idiot,” George replies, “You’re the liar here. Remember that night when you--”

“Okay, alright,” Karl giggles, saving his fiancè from any further embarrassment. “I thought it was really nice, no matter how nervous anyone was. Good job, nice group effort.”

Sapnap presses a kiss into his neck in gratitude.

“Thanks, Karl. I’ll tell Dream that too, but I’m not forgetting about the whole free babysitting thing that you’ve agreed to.”

“Okay, alright. I have a feeling though that when that baby shows up, neither of you are going to want to be away from her for a single second.”

George is quiet for a moment. “Probably not,” he answers, voice calmed, “do you really think we’ll have a girl?”

Karl can't help but smile at his friend's wonder, while Sapnap mumbles, "Of course he would get all soft at that."

"Sapnap, you idiot, I can hear you," George's snippy tone is back in full force. "And my proposal to Dream was way better than your stupid one, by the way."

Sapnap lifts his head up at this, taking the phone from Karl's hand. "You asked him in a shitty McDonald's parking lot? How the fuck is that better? I'm--"

Karl grabs his phone back. "Bye, George!" He singsongs out before hanging up.

Sapnap glares at Karl. "He's so goddamn annoying sometimes."

"You love him, babe," he says, ruffling Sapnap's hair.

"Stupid fucking McDonald's parking lot. Why'd everyone think that was so romantic in the first place?" His fiancé mumbles under his breath before taking a much-needed sip of coffee.

Pressing a kiss onto Sapnap's cheek, Karl replies, "It's a different kind of love, babe. But we're calling my mom now with the news, and if you don't shut up about the parking lot, then I'm going to tell her you proposed without a ring."

Sapnap groans, throwing his head back in faux annoyance. "I had a ring. I put it on you last night."

"Didn't have it out when you asked me, Mr. Jacobs."

"Shut up and dial-up your mom, Mr. Jacobs," Sapnap responds, before kissing Karl softly. "By the way, I did call them up yesterday to ask their thoughts on it. Southern gentleman and all that. Just a heads up."

Karl looks at him incredulously. "Let me get this straight. One day my mom gets a call from me crying about how you're going to leave me, and then the very next day you ring her and ask for my hand in marriage?"



“Seems to be the case, sweetheart,” Sapnap replies, grinning wildly.

Karl rolls his eyes, pulling the other man in for a kiss. He tastes like sleep and coffee and domesticity.

“Be grateful that I love you so much,” he says after they pull apart. “Now let me call my parents and show off my fiancé.”

## End Notes

thanks for reading ! pls leave kudos and a comment if ya liked it.

here's allies prompt:

"karlnap but Karl is so certain that Sapnap is going to break up with him. He's been sleeping at Dream's house, being secretive, and when he asked Sapnap got defensive.

but then he gets home from work to see the house all lit up with candles, and Sap down on one knee w/ a ring"

thanks for reading, and come hang out w me on twitter!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!